

[Houseman's Monologue]

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FOLKLORE

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FORM C TEXT OF INTERVIEW (UNEDITED)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Frank Byrd

ADDRESS

DATE

SUBJECT Living folklore gambling conversations pullman porters. "HOUSEMAN'S MONOLOGUE"

You can't win if you don't bet, so down it and get from round it. There're seven big numbers in the field. Think you're lucky? Fifteen to one on eleven; four to one you don't. You get even money on Big Six or Eight. The house bets you win or lose. You make it, we pay it.

Thirty to one you can't name your crap and throw it. So take some and leave some and, remember, the best throw on the dice is when you throw them away. Git down gentlemen. In other words, low it and you won't owe it. This is your one chance to make fast money faster. You can't do it on tips and when your old lady asks you for them new shoes or that

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fur coat, what you gonna say? You can't say no 'cause if you don't some other "square" will.

'All right, the gentleman shoots five dollars and a nickel". 2 CONVERSATION SNATCHES

"That dinge's blowing his top."

"Hell, he's already blowed it."

"Why don't you spades with no money get up from the table?"

"Where we gonna sit?"

"Sit on th' floor. What duh hell do I care?"

"Shut up, ol' simple-ass darky."

"I was a fool for bettin' that hand."

"Didn't take that han' to make you no fool."

"Come on, you chamber maids, let's gamble."

"Ten spot! I'm gone to the cleaners."

"Come on you rail-birds. Don't bother the players."

"Dear Brother, are you going any fu'ther?"